

HANOVER, MAY 17, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

Divine Religion, "tis to thee we owe
 "Our zeal for pleasure, and our balm for woe."

—BEHOLD you old man, whose head is bowed down by infirmities and years; who has been deprived of his dearest friends by death; who a short time since, buried the wife of his bosom, and a darling son, the only child of his love, whom he hoped would have "rocked the cradle of his declining years."—But poor old man, thou art disappointed of even this comfort; thou art left alone without a friend to smooth the pillow of sickness, or cause the irradiating smile of conjugal or paternal affection—Thou art left like a tree which age and tempests have deprived of its branches, without a prop to save it from the ruthless blast. Such is thy condition, oh man! and yet the smile of content illumines thy pallid countenance! Ask him, and he will tell thee, that religion is the cause; that it is the basis on which he builds his hopes of ere long joining those dearest to his heart, from the ties of consanguinity and affection.

Next ask the man of years whom fortune "delighteth to honour;" whom the chill blasts of poverty never reached; surrounded by a numerous offspring, growing up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Ask him from what source his happiness proceeds? he will tell thee not from sublunary enjoyments, although blest beyond the common lot; but from confidence in his Creator;—his love of virtue;—from religion.

Contrasted with this picture view the man who, insensible to the goodness of his beneficent Creator, slight his proffered gift of redemption; forgetting that tho' slow to anger, he spares not his vengeance upon the unrighteous.—But hark! what sounds! They are the dying groans of this apostate from his maker. See him writhing in all the tortures of an agonized guilty conscience.—Hear him call upon his God, whom hitherto he has treated with scorn and neglect, for a week, a day, an hour more. But the avenging arm of the Almighty will not be stay'd.—He dies in all the excruciating horrors of remorse, inflicted by the scorpions of guilt.

The benign influences of religion are innumerable. It humanizes the affections, and induces man to seek the happiness of his fellow man; it cheers the bed of sickness; it sweetens the bitterness of corroding grief; it adds poignancy to our joys, and blunts misfortunes sting. In short, by it man approximates to the nature of angels.

ANTOINETTE.

FOR THE TABLET.

CONTINUED.

THE two brothers, whose inclinations were so widely different, now went in pursuit of that happiness they so earnestly desired. Horatius, who was determined not to suffer those perplexing disquietudes, which he thought universally distressed the lovers of riches, retired to his humble seat, where poverty was his constant companion. For a while, he lived contented, by considering himself far removed from those huge mountains of silver and gold, under whose broken precipices he had seen thousands involved in inextricable difficulties. But, his contentment fled, when once he beheld the wretchedness of his situation. Doomed to roam in a retired and empty valley, where his friendship was not courted, nor his habitation visited by a human form, he began to experience the disadvantages of being numbered among the sons of poverty. The gnawings of hunger and the severities of a changing climate, made him reflect with pain upon that irrevocable day, when he despised a father's gift. When he was disposed to be serviceable to his fellow men, the peculiarity of his circumstances would not permit of his being very extensively useful. Often did he wish himself capacitated to render some distinguished service to mankind by acts of benevolence and charity, but, the preservation of himself brought his attention home. Whilst Horatius was thus lamenting his fate, Alphonso was "posting on the wings of fame;" distant people had heard of his opulence and power and were hastening to satisfy their curiosity by visiting such a celebrated character. At first, Alphonso imagined himself the happiest man living. When he walked abroad, numbers were emulous to introduce themselves into his presence by their polite and flattering behavior. When he commanded, he was readily obeyed. His riches procured him, whatsoever was curious and ornamental, luxurious, or costly.—All these could not ensure him permanent happiness. Disease penetrated through his gilded ceilings and tarnished his joys.—The extravagance of flattery and the distraction of business debarred all serious reflection. The empty name of great and powerful, when procured by experiencing so many troubles and inquietudes, sounded harsh and unpleasant in his ears. Contentment fled from his breast and refused to return again. In this situation he received a visit from his brother Horatius and a venerable sage, who had been intimately acquainted with them both from childhood. After having discovered the marks of discontentment in both their countenances, the sage began.—"Perfect happiness is not an inhabitant of this earth.

No situation in life is wholly free from the attacks of misery; but some situations are more desirable than others. To be eminently serviceable to mankind, is conferring happiness upon others and ourselves. The enormously rich, being raised above the common necessities of life, are not apt to look down upon the necessitous and poor, nor to listen to the voice of humanity. Their bestowments must be made upon flatterers and pretended friends, who are little deserving of the least favors.—The intoxication of power; the care of preserving acquired property and the trouble of procuring more, serve to derange and disquiet the mind.—Neither is extreme poverty promotive of happiness. The poor enjoy the power of willing, but not of executing; their hands are bound, their liberty is restricted, and they are obliged to grope in solitude.—Moderate riches are desirable, and in no wise dangerous. They administer to our necessities and health, and procure us things really valuable. They do not elate our pride by placing us high in our own estimation, nor humble us too much, by taking away the foundation of our building. Whilst either extreme is dangerous, the middle course may be pursued with safety."

LOREN.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

[CONTINUED.]

I SHALL now proceed to prove my second proposition: That dancing schools and balls, as at present conducted, are hostile to religion.

That which is gay and sprightly, but nevertheless trivial, has a potent tendency to banish serious thoughts and serious impressions. Objects possessing these qualities deeply affect the senses, and, till familiar, engage undivided attention. If they are destitute of utility in themselves, having no tendency to inspire virtuous principles, and if, by the aid of the associating faculty, they lead not to the contemplation of something sublime or important, their continued influence is peculiarly detrimental. They unhinge the energies of the mind from close application, they give a disrelish for the plain, yet necessary objects and avocations of life, they indispose for reflection on moral and religious subjects, and the performance of moral and religious duties. They plant and nurture poisonous weeds and noxious blossoms in that choice and fertile garden, the mind, all whose plants should be virtue and all whose flowers should be innocent pleasures. It is not contended that every thing gay and sprightly ought to be avoided and esteemed totally and forever unworthy of regard. There are numerous objects with which we are conversant, combining the

qualities we have mentioned, that are worthy to be chosen as themes of contemplation and pleasure by the philosopher and christian. The starry canopy of heaven and the variegated rainbow are of this description. Their beauties detract not from their grandeur and excellence, but powerfully assist in directing a train of thought to the being and perfections of a supreme Creator.—The argument, in substance, is this, that the gay and sprightly, when exhibited in any degree of profusion, or are sought after as principal sources of pleasure, do efface serious impressions and dispose to a neglect of serious duties.

That brilliancy of appearance, gracefulness of movement, and vivacity of countenance exhibited in dancing schools and balls, are qualities that render them extremely pleasing. A desire to display, and a disposition to excel in these, animates and deeply engages the actors. Their attention is totally absorbed in performing the manœuvres and admiring the objects of the present moment. These objects, fascinating in the highest degree, are nevertheless trivial and vain. They have nothing in themselves, or their connexion, great, noble, or materially useful. They completely occupy the mind and almost suspend the faculties of reason, judgment, and memory. On young minds their influence is singularly powerful. We hear them testify that when retired from the dance, the whole scenery and exercises of the ball-room brighten like reality in their imaginations.

The attention thus occupied, moral subjects are entirely excluded. A tone of affection and thought is excited, which will not timely subside and make room for serious reflections. Thoughts of God and duties of his requirements, of judgment and the retributions of eternity are banished from the mind, and every avenue for their entrance fortified with impregnable barriers. Ideas cannot associate, which are so directly opposite. The mind cannot be divided between objects so very different in their natures. For the truth of this remark, I can confidently appeal to the observation and experience of every one. Those who have but seldom mingled with the cheerful and the gay, who have rarely entered the circles of amusement and pleasure, know sufficiently of their influence and of human nature, to witness the truth of my assertion. Those who are the greatest favorites and most strenuous advocates for dancing, will not meet me with an objection in this particular. Who will affirm that a dancing hall is a place favorable for moral contemplation? Who will deny that it indisposes to moral duties and acts of devotion? Who will pretend that the dance will be immediately succeeded by a perusal of the sacred volume, or a sincere address to Almighty God? Finally, who will deny, that the directly opposite of these do in ev-

ery instance obtain? It is an indubitable fact, that in societies where dancing schools and balls are frequent, that engagedness in religion is lost, seriousness is banished, impressions of duty and a future world are obliterated. As far, therefore, as religion consists in these mental exercises, so far it is prejudiced by balls and dancing schools.

My friend will doubtless reply to these my remarks. His candor and magnanimity will not suffer him to descend from the floor of argument to the cell of scurrility and blackguard. He will oppose me with the weapons of reason; he will scorn to hurl a single shaft of ridicule or exhibit a solitary instance of abusive reflection. As I have treated him with tenderness and deference in my remarks, he will observe the same decorum in his reply. And although he may be plain and pungent, he will avoid all appearance of asperity and censure.

BIOGRAPHY.

Brief account of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.

[CONTINUED.]

Mr. COWPER's walk with God in private was consistent with the solemnity and fervour of his social engagements. Like the prophet Daniel, and the royal psalmist, he "kneeled three times a-day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God," in retirement, beside the regular practice of domestic worship. His mind was stayed upon God; and, for an unusual course of years, it was kept in perfect peace. The corrupt dispositions, which have so strong a hold upon the human heart, appeared to be peculiarly suppressed in him; and when in any degree felt, they were lamented and resisted by him. His Hymns, mostly written during this part of his life, describe both the general tenor of his thoughts, and their occasional wanderings, with a force of expression dictated by the liveliness of his feelings. While his attainments in the love of God were thus eminent, his Christian love to fellow-believers, and to all around him, was highly exemplary.—To a conduct void of offence to any individual, and marked with peculiar kindness to all who feared God, was added a beneficence fully proportioned to his ability, and exercised with the greatest modesty and discretion.

The consolation, which, after having endured the severest distress, he at that time derived from a life of faith in the Son of God, who loved him, and gave himself for him, he thus describes, in an affecting allegory.

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow, deep infix'd
My panting side was charg'd; when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades,
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me
live." *The Task, B. iii.*

The degree and the uninterrupted duration of his spiritual comforts had, perhaps, exceeded the usual experience of pious people. But he now conceived some presentiment of a sad reverse; and, during a solitary walk in the fields, he composed a hymn, strongly expressive of his sensations. (No. 32, at the end of Poems, v. ii.) The bright, yet serene lustre, which had unusually marked his road, was now succeeded by impenetrable darkness. After the clearest views of the love of God, and the expansion of heart which he had enjoyed in his ways, his mind became obscured, confused, and dismayed. That vivid imagination, which often attained the utmost limits of the sphere of reason, did but too easily transgress them; and his spirits, no longer sustained upon the wings of faith and hope, sunk, with their weight of natural depression, into the abyss of despair. In this state his mind became fixed; yet he ever cherished an unshaken submission to what he imagined the Divine pleasure.

Gradually habituated, as at a former period, to his situation, he became accessible to a few intimate friends in succession, who laboured to excite his thoughts to activity on different subjects. Thus originated most of those Poems, which, when published, charmed and surprised both the literary and religious world. Sometimes his mind was led so far from his distress, as to indulge in playful essays; but these intervals were extremely transient. In general his Poems are the evident dictates of that reverence for God, that esteem for the Gospel, and that benevolence toward fellow-creatures, which characterized his familiar conversation.

Of the general condition of his mind, during the last seven years of his abode in the vicinity of Olney, which certainly were the most tranquil that he passed in the latter part of his life, the best judgment may be formed from his own expressions, in a poem written towards the close of that interval, part of which we have already quoted. It was occasioned by the unexpected acquisition of a small portrait of his mother, whom he had lost more than half a century before, but had never ceased to remember with the warmest gratitude and the fondest affection. Having described her's and his father's passage through this life to a heavenly world, under the figure of a voyage speedily terminated, he naturally reverts, in the same metaphorical language, to the distressing contrast which his own situation and prospects presented.

"But me, scarce hoping to attain the rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And, day by day, some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh! that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me."

The principal pleasure that he appeared capable of receiving was, indeed, that

which he derived from the happiness of others. Instead of being provoked to discontent and envy, by contrasting their comforts with his own afflictions, there evidently was not a benefit that he knew to be enjoyed by others, which did not afford him sensible satisfaction; not a suffering they endured, that did not add to his pain. To the happiness of those who were privileged with opportunities of shewing their esteem for him, he was most tenderly alive. The advancement of the knowledge of Christ in the world at large was always near his heart; and whatever concerned the general welfare of mankind was interesting to him, secluded as he was from the public, and, in common, from religious society. In like manner, from his distant retreat, he viewed, with painful sensations, the progress of infidelity, and of sin in every shape. His love to God, though unassisted by a cheerful hope of divine favour, was invariably manifested by an abhorrence of every thing that he thought dishonourable to the Most High, and a delight in all that tended to his glory.

Mr. Cowper was lately under the care of his affectionate and intelligent young relative, the Rev. John Johnson, who, during the last year or two of his life, had sometimes indulged the hope of witnessing his complete restoration to health. Suddenly, however, this expectation was fatally disappointed; and towards the close of 1799, it became sufficiently evident that he could not successfully contend with the ravages of a rapid decay; that, ere long, the mortal must put on immortality. Conscious of the speedy approach of this important change, however agonizing to himself, Mr. Johnson unremittingly exercised that attention which Young so truly describes as—

—The dreadful post of observation,
Darker every hour.

On the 25th of April, 1800, friendship was at length discharged from these afflicting duties, and its object happily released from this scene of suffering and sorrow. Early on the morning of that day, Mr. Cowper sunk into a state of such apparent insensibility, that, had not his eyes remained half open, it might have been conjectured a tranquil slumber. In this situation—his respiration regular, though feeble; his countenance and frame perfectly serene,—he continued about twelve hours, when he expired without heaving his breath.

(FROM LITERARY LEISURE.)

(CONTINUED.)

"Procrastination is the thief of time,"—Young.
and few faults, more certainly, though imperceptibly, destroy the energy of character than procrastination. Every one undoubtedly, in those moments of reflection which must occur to all, must have formed many good resolutions; but the execution of them being postponed to a more convenient sea-

son, is too often postponed forever! and those good and virtuous motions in the soul leave us more guilty when disobeyed or disregarded. That which it is right to do, it is right to do now! Begin therefore to-day, lest thou be prevented to-morrow.

Why, if the present time have not all the fitness required, should the future time be more advantageous? Why wait for any era from which to date the beginning of reformation? Is not every era auspicious on which so good a work is begun? Will not other avocations arise? Will not other projects be formed, and prove equally abortive? It were well if in a morning, during those cool moments we most of us enjoy before we quit the pillow, before the cares and inquietudes of the world perplex our thoughts, while the mind is calm and active, and the heart glowing with gratitude under the consciousness of renewed existence, it were well, I say, if we were then to arrange a plan of moral conduct for the day—if frequently too, in the course of that day, we were to ask our own hearts what report the hour last elapsed would carry of us to heaven!—and if at night, when again returned to the couch of rest, while we thankfully acknowledge the protection and safety we have experienced, we were to examine how we have fulfilled our intentions, taking into consideration the real value of time, and the incalculable importance to our individual welfare of a proper distribution and employment of it, we should then blush to have passed a day unmarked by some vigorous or laudable exertion—we should shrink from the contemplation of many precious hours wasted in inactivity—hours which will return no more, and which, having thus elapsed without notice, swell to a bulk that would surprise and alarm us, could we behold at one view the portion of time thus thrown away.

"On all-important time, thro' every age,
Thou' much, and warm, the wife have urg'd, the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour!"
YOUNG.

Mr. Shenstone has among his "Observations," a sentiment dazzling at first view, but, on mature consideration, its intrinsic value seems but trifling.—His words are—"It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet to be restrained by circumstances from making the proper use of it."

To try the value of this axiom, let us inquire what is the proper use of time? Is it not that which arises from actual circumstances? and is there any possible circumstance which does not afford some opportunity of laudable moral occupation? If we ask ourselves these questions without prejudice, we shall not hesitate about the answers; but, in general, if we are prevented from pursuing our favourite or our intended employment, we are apt to think we are hindered from making a proper use of time. A man ought not to lament in society that he is interrupted in some pursuit which requires solitude and thought—nor if he be in solitude, should he regret being precluded from the exercise of the social virtues: nay, when, by some casual accident, an intended plan even of moral excellence is impeded, does not that very obstacle itself give room for the exertion of patience and forbearance? The appropriate employment of every moment is that duty which the circumstances of the moment demand; and even if called away by some impertinent visitors from the contemplation of virtue, or the exertion of talent, a man may not be less laudably, though less agreeably, employed in the practice of that familiar benevolence which diffuses good-humour and pleasantry, nor less usefully engaged for his own private advantage in repressing the sallies of impatience, or the inroads of ill-humour.

Shenstone was of a querulous, irritable nature. He thought every moment ill employed that was not given to his Muse, to gardening, or to sentiment. People, in general, have their favourite pursuits, from which they are equally reluctant to be drawn; but if we divest ourselves of prejudice and partiality, we shall discern Shenstone's

attractive tinsel, and conclude with the nobler poet, that

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well!—acts nobly!—Angels could no more!"
YOUNG.

(To be continued.)

AN EXTRACT.

The legion of fantastic fashions to which a man of pleasure is obliged to sacrifice his time, impairs the rational faculties of his mind, and destroys the native energies of his soul. Forced continually to lend himself to the performance of a thousand little triflings, a thousand mean absurdities, he becomes by habit frivolous and absurd. The face of things no longer wears its true and genuine aspect; and his depraved taste loses all relish for rational entertainment or substantial pleasure. The infatuation seizes on his brain, and his corrupted heart teems with idle fancies and vain imaginations. These illusions, however, through which the plainest object comes distorted to his view, might easily be dispelled. Accustomed to a lonely life, and left to reflect in calmness and sobriety, during the silence of the solitary hour, upon the false joys and deceitful pleasures which the parade of visiting and the glare of public entertainments offer to our view, he would soon perceive and candidly acknowledge their nothingness and insipidity: soon would he behold the pleasures of the world in their true colours, and feel that he had blindly wandered in pursuit of phantoms; possessing something in appearance, but nothing in reality.

ANECDOTE.

An Innkeeper, lately complaining to a French gentleman, that his house was greatly infested with rats, and that he would willingly give a considerable sum to get rid of them, was, on the following morning, and after the Frenchman had received his bill, accosted by him, "Sure, I shall tell you vich way you shall get rid of de rat."—"I will be obliged very much to you, if you can," replied the landlord. "Vell den, only charge de rat as you charge me, and I will be d—d if de rat ever come to your house again."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOREN's and FIDELIO's communications have been received, and shall meet the attention they merit.

Our 'Friend of Order' has many good ideas, but his communication is thought too incorrect for publication.

JUNIUS is under consideration. We however think his observations rather out of season.

ERRATA.

In the last stanza of LOREN's poem, p. 76, for *d'erspread* read *d'exposuer'd*. In the same page 2d col. for *Roger's* read *Rogers'*. Page 80, 1 col. line 13 from bot. for *in* read *with*.

FOR THE TABLET.

In the following translation from Horace, though the expression be varied, and the ideas not individually preserved; the train of thought is not materially interrupted.

SAY, Chloe, why you fly so fast,
Fast as the fawn,
Whose dam is gone,
Pursuing flies the way she pass'd
With tim'rous haste;

And o'er the mountain holds her flight,
The zephyr blows,
She trembling goes,
And from each coppice starts at sight
So great the fright:

Whether the spring enamell'd round,
With moving leaves,
Such terror gives,
Or serpents which beneath are found
With rustling sound.

No savage strength shall you intwine,
Come to my arms,
For naught alarms,
And to your friend yourself resign
Forever mine.

From parents' care you may remove
Come, void of fear,
Quit, quit the sphere,
Where children ling'ring love to rove,
For joys of love.

The following Ode to Fancy, by Mr. Warren, is justly admired by the best judges as a pleasing specimen of the Author's delicacy of taste and poetic abilities. The thoughts are mostly new and various, and the language and numbers elegant, expressive and harmonious.

O parent of each lovely muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse!
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide!
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine.
No murder'd fanning of the flock,
But flow'rs and honey from the rock.
O nymph, with loosely flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare;
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow;
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey,
Through air, and over earth and sea;
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
Midst falls of water, you reside!
'Midst broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing in the woodman's stroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd;
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer! tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest.

Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Wrapt in some wild poetic dream;
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear;
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead;
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Lift'ning to the shepherd's song.
Yet on these flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of Folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh.
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe;
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tower,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widow's shrieks I hear;
Give me another horse, I cry;
Lo, the base Gallic squadrons fly!
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where tumult and destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded bleed,
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With fullen joy surveys the ground,
And pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
O guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun.
The pangs of absence, O remove,
For thou canst place me near my love;
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss;
When young-ey'd Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At ev'ry season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm enthusiastic maid!
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to ev'ry line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd strain;
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.
O hear our pray'r, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave.
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain.

Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre;
Who with some new, unequal'd song,
May rise above the rhyming throng;
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain;
With terror shake, with pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause,
Beyond cold critics studied laws:
O let each muse's fame increase!
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

THE EVENING WALK.

O thou! to pity's kind affections true,
Of VARRO thou hast heard, the good, the wise!
Onward, my EMMA—and the spot we view
Where his forsaken seat in ruin lies.

How dead the path! across the bordering woods,
On brushing wing, no active breezes play;
O'er the dank soil the heavy vapour broods,
And nature's wild luxuriance checks the way.

By well known scenes that sooth'd my youthful
mind,
Through fields that in the pride of culture shone,
Sorrowing, I pass; and in my progress find
The fence demolish'd, and the villa frown.

But lo! the solitary castle high,
Whose halls nor inmate hold, nor guest invite;
Save yon ill-omen'd birds that perch on high,
Or round the turrets wheel their clam'rous flight.

The parting roof that loads these mouldering
walls,
Scarce yields a shelter from the drizzling show'r;
In at the shatter'd pane the ivy crawls,
And thro' the walle apartment weaves her bow'r.

Where peace, where pleasure dwelt, destruction
prowls;
Where mirth was heard and music wont to
chime—
Hark! how with sudden gust the tempest howls,
And slaps the jarring doors, unlock'd by time.

How chang'd th' abode where VARRO lov'd to
rest!
When, by his happier stars, from courts remov'd,
He liv'd, of fortune, kindred, friends, possess'd,
By men applauded, and by Heav'n approv'd.

Blest in himself, his bounty's warm embrace
Diffus'd the blessing o'er his wide domain;
For one was he of that primeval race
Whose splendour shone propitious on the plain.

The hopes that cherish age were all his own;
The happy fire his gen'rous sons survey'd,
Who, to the blooming verge of manhood grown,
His worth reflected, and his love repaid.

Fall'n with the parent tree, in dust they lie—
This mutilated mansion why explore?
Where Fancy rivets her distemper'd eye
On joys for ever past, and friends no more!

As through the storms of life our course we steer,
Still some lost comfort down the current goes—
Turn, EMMA, turn! suppress the fruitless tear,
And reap the present good that Heav'n bestows.

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